

Gift of J. P. Morgan
Prologue and Epilogue
TO THE
City POLITICKS.

The PROLOGUE spoken by Mr. SMITH.

GOOD Heaven be thank'd, the frenzy of the Nation
Begins to cure, and Wit to grow in fashion:
Long the Two Theatres did proudly jarr,
And for chief sway, like two Republicks Warr;
When of the sudden a devouring Host
Of dreadful Knights, (I say not of the Post)

But strange tongue Warriors over-run the Town,
And blew the Stage, almost the Kingdom down.
And with the Stage the Poets must expire,
For Bells will melt, if Steeples be on Fire;
Then Coffee-houses Theatres were grown,
Where Zealots acted in a furious tone
Oliver's Porter, Damming Babylon.

But they more Mad; for he in his worst Fit
Was ne're so Mad as to talk TREASON yet.
'Tis strange those Men should wish the POPE such evil,
Who are so kind to the POPE's Friend, the DEVIL!
They Drink, they Whore, and at there Rulers Rant,
And all is well in a True PROTESTANT.
These follies have the Nation long employ'd,
And almost all the POETS Trade destroy'd.

That they may justly seek Reprizals now,
And Board those Pirates which brought them so low,
Seize on that Ware by which some Men by stealth,
Promote the Traffick of a Common-wealth:
Ware some believe by Priests and Jesuits Spurn,
They Weave the Cloath, FANATICKS put it on.
But some will say, a POET mend the Age!

In these high matters how dare they engage?
Why, SIRs, a Poets Reformation scorn;
Since the Reformers now all Poets turn?
And by their awkward jangling Rhimes proclaim,
Like Bells rung backward, that the Towns on Flame?
The City Whiggs such cursed Poets chuse,
For that alone they should their CHARTER lose.

He is a wretched Coxcomb, who believes
Muses, like FURIES, will be pack'd by SHERIFFS.
But their ill Palate no fine dressing needs,
All stuff that any Whiggish fancy breeds,
They swallow down, and live like Ducks on Weeds.

These things give all the Nations round delight,
Sure at our Fools to laugh we have most right.
Let's not our mirth to foraign Kingdoms send,
But here the growth of our own Country spend.
Heaven knows what sums the CAUSE has cost this Town!
Here you may have it all for Half-a-Crown.

The EPILOGUE spoken by Mr. LEE in the Character of Bartaline the Old Lawyer.

Enter a Gentleman to Bartaline.

1. Gent. **SIR**, I come to you from certain worthy Gentlemen the world is pleased to call Whiggs. Bar. Whiggs? Sir, they are the Props and Pillars of the Nation.

1. Gent. Sir, There is a Poet has been so bold as to write a Play against 'em, in which several of 'em think themselves abused; now, Sir, they desire to know if they have not an *Action of Slander* against the Poet? Bar. Ay, ay, Sir, he's a Rascal.

1. Gent. And may not have considerable dammages? Bar. Oh! very considerable----

1. Gent. Here are Two Pieces. Bar. Two Pieces——? pretty indifferent dammages—I believe they may have some Dammmages. 1. Gent. Here's one great person thinks himself much abus'd, and has sent you 20 Pieces. Bar. Sir, he shall have great Dammmages, he shall trounce the Poet, a Rascal to abuse great persons.

1. Gent. He tell him. *Ex.* Enter a second Gent.

2. Sir, I come to you from a person that wants your Councel, but he is a swingeing Tory. Bar. Well, he's ne're the worse man, provided he has a swingeing Purse. 2. Sir, he has writ a Play against Faction, and some Whiggs think themselves hit home in it, and they are bringing *Actions of Slander* against him to punish him. Bar. Sir, if he has hit the Whiggs home he is a good Marks-man, for now they are all upon the Wing. 2. Sir, he desires to know whether there lies an *Action of Slander* against him or no? and so, whether he had best compound the business in time, or go through with it? Bar. Oh! let him go through with it. 2. And you will assist him? Bar. Ay, ay, in private.

2. But he has no Money, he must Sue in *Forma Pauperis*. Bar. *Forma Pauperis*? Oh! damn'd Rogue, does he abuse great men and has he no Money? Tell him I have consider'd it, and I won't defend a slanderous Rascal in abusing honest men. 2. You said you would help him through with it. Bar. Ay, through the Pillory. A Rascal without Money abuse great men, and then Sue in *Forma Pauperis*.—Come the Court is sat.—I must Plead for the Plaintiff.

YOU Learned, Reverend Judges in this place,
I come to Plead here in a weighty Case;
And I beseech you quickly make an end on't,
The WHIGGS are Plaintiffs, POET is Defendant.
I'me for the Plaintiffs, they have Tonn good store;
Poets are in the wrong, because they're poor.
And I ne're mind a Cause but as I'me Feed,
Like Quacks, we Cure no Man that will not bleed.
WHIGGS are my Clyents; And, my Lords, I say,
They have been scandaliz'd in a damn'd Play,
Which those good men for busy Fops does fear,
Who vigilant for Church and State appear.
What if such men should have no wit at all?
Pray did not Geese once save the Capital?
But say these honest men be in the wrong,
Railing does to no private men belong;
Boldly to Rail is one of the chief Spriggs
Of the Prerogative of Prince of Whiggs;
TITUS the first, who did that Power attain,
——I take it——Anno primo——of his Reign——
From WHIGGS, to whom by Custome it belongs,
WHIGGS are all Freeholders of their Tongues,
And Pens too.——
I'll prove it out of Janeway's Reports,
And the Decrees of several Coffee-Courts.
The POET has no title then to rail,
Let him be seiz'd, nor let Wit be his Bayl.
Wit is a Tory, ne're with us would joy,
Wit never help'd the Whiggs to write one Line.
'T has been accus'd, and in our Writings sought;
But still the Coroner Non inventus brought.
But Learned Judges, I leave all to you,
If you're for TORIES, I will be so too.
Noint Witches, they will fly, though ne're so old;
I'll be as nimble too, noint me with Gold:
I'll quickly to the Tory party skip,
Greaze my Fist well, I'll let our Faction slip.

FINIS.

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Railing does not to private men belong

If you're Tories - & -